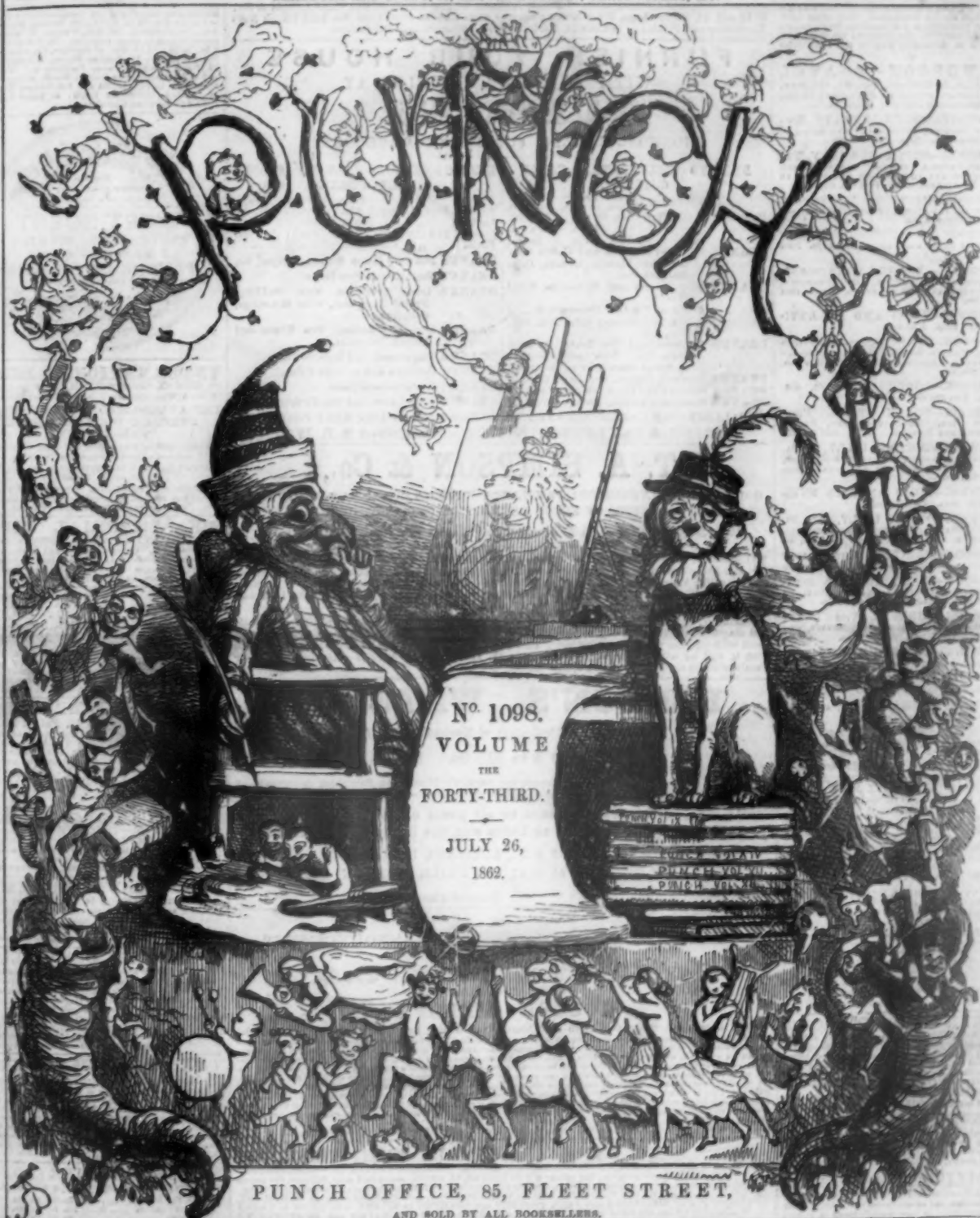


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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 11th. Friday. Everything that Mr. Punch does turns out for the best. He is like THOMAS the Rhymer who, despite his piteous protest that the gift would disqualify him for the society of ladies and of statesmen, received a tongue that could not lie. The most carelessly dropped remark of Mr. Punch invariably consolidates into an adamant truth, and his most playfully conceived picture becomes, on the day it appears, at once a pregnant record of the most important incident of the day and a subtle prophecy of the results of such incident. If he attends a public celebration or ceremonial, it proves to be of the most extraordinary interest, if he stays away, it turns out to be something not worth a moment's attention. So with Parliamentary matters. When Mr. Punch is in his place, the proceedings of the Legislature are as dignified and significant as such things can be, but let him give himself a holiday, and the sense, gravity, and wit of Parliament take holiday likewise. He cannot go wrong, or stay wrong. This mild and altogether inadequate tribute to his prescience is drawn from him by his recollection that instead of attending at Westminster on the above mentioned Friday, he went to Kensington (with consequences which are a secret between himself, the world, and policeman X 555), and his perceiving, on a glance at Saturday's papers, that nothing occurred on the Friday night that is worth his notice. Except, indeed, that he rejoices in having been absent from the House of Lords, for on that evening his friend the BISHOP OF OXFORD brought forward his new Bill for creating in heathen parts English bishops who were not to owe allegiance to their Queen, and his friend the LORD CHANCELLOR, ever vigilant, tackled the bishop, charged him with trying to get in the thin edge of the wedge for separating Church and State, and having thus proved the BISHOP OF OXFORD to be a dissenter, compelled the right reverend schismatic (not without the exchange of some painfully smart language) to surrender his measure. This scene Mr. Punch is truly glad to have escaped, nor would it have been particularly pleasant to him to sit in the Commons, and hear unsatisfactory replies to uninteresting questions until the House was Counted Out.

Monday. Jamaica is one of the West India Islands, at least Mr. Punch humbly ventures to think so, although he makes any geographical statement with extreme timidity, ever since his friendly antagonist the *Star*, in defiance of maps and the *English Cyclopædia*, denied his allegation that Brisbane was in New South Wales. Well, wherever

HAMPSHIRE HOGGISM.

A VILE crime has been committed at Fordingbridge. The scene is visited by hundreds of persons, who have carried away all the bark of some trees that stand near the spot, and—listen to this: "two cows, which are said to have manifested excitement at the time of the deed, are also objects of much curiosity." So says the *Morning Star*. The "curious" fools must be the legitimate descendants of the people who paid to see the fork that had belonged to the knife with which PEG NICHOLSON tried to wound KING GEORGE THE THIRD, and with which she founded the order of "PEG NICHOLSON'S KNIGHTS." Surely if that admirable institution, the Asylum for Idiots, needs a valid appeal to the popular purse, the directors would find one in a representation that Idiotism is so lamentably prevalent as is shown by this news from Fordingbridge, in which town, by the way, in addition to a fine church, "are chapels for Wesleyans, Independents, and Quakers, National and British Schools, and a Literary and Scientific Institution."

The report adds, however, that the "poor children"—the adjective is appropriate—are better occupied than in attending either the National or the British School. They "make much money by guiding visitors to the spot," and of course by explaining the details of one of the foulest crimes ever committed by the Chaplain's Pet, the ticket-of-leave man. Could not a commission, under the new Lunacy Act, be issued to inquire into the mental condition of Fordingbridge, with a branch investigation into the sort of teaching administered in church, chapel, school, and institution?

Farinaceous Gunpowder.

SOME German chemists are said to have discovered that starch, by being peculiarly treated with nitric acid, becomes converted into an explosive substance which promises to supersede common gunpowder. This starch, if employed for warlike purposes, will prove a stiffener for many a tall fellow.

Jamaica is, it owes us a lot of money, and has not the slightest intention of paying us, and we are going to compromise the debt, by arranging that Jamaica shall pay the salary of its Governor. LORD DERBY made a smart speech on the matter this evening, and was answered by LORD TAUNTON, formerly MR. LABOUCHÈRE, and the two nobles, like knights in an ancient tournament, were up in each other's mottoes, the Knight of Derby asking his antagonist why he did not remember his *Passibus citis sed æquis*, and the Knight of Taunton retorting that his noble enemy had not forgotten his own *Sans Changer*. A Bill on the subject was read a Second Time in the Commons, Mr. HADFIELD, like an attorney as he is, protesting against indulgence, and wishing to issue execution against the poor Jamaicans.

Another Fortifications debate—Latin quotation by SIR G. LEWIS, English quotation by MR. OSBORNE—a Government victory, 132 to 50, and £110,000 voted. The Lunacy Reform Bill went through Committee, and publicans will be happy to hear that the Bill for preventing the obtaining beverages on tick was withdrawn.

Tuesday. The Houses, with a view to getting at the grouse, are getting through business, and in consequence the proceedings are useful and uninteresting. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU slightly interrupted this onward course of events by a speech on Mexico, assailing Ministers for having tolerated the rule of brigands there, but with having interfered as soon as a constitutional government arose. He also remarked, with some little strength of language, that we had combined with the Murderer of his Country's Liberties to raise a despotism in Mexico that would be abhorred by men, and bring down the vengeance of Heaven. MR. LAYARD did not enter into a purgation of the character of HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, nor into an exegesis of the book of the prophet MONTAGU, but explained that we had done all that was prudent, and likely to keep us out of entanglements. MR. FITZGERALD thought that our withdrawing from Mexico was the most graceful part of our proceedings, and he showed that, though a scholar and a prizeman, he had forgotten his *Macbeth*, for he mentioned that it had been "wittily remarked of some one, that nothing in life became him like the leaving it." We don't think *Malcolm* meant a joke when informing the gracious *Duncan* that CAWPOD had met the fate of CORDEE. Another Count Out.

Wednesday. LORD BERNERS' Bill for enabling the police to deal with gangs of night poachers having passed the Lords, it came on for

Second Reading, and the Game Preserving Instinct in the Commons was strong enough to carry the measure, against the Government, by 149 to 94. Parties were divided, however, and that thoroughly honest and shrewd old Tory, MR. HENLEY, strongly opposed the Bill, thought it much too stringent, and also calculated to diminish the efficiency of the police, who had plenty to attend to already. Some of his statistics were so funny that Mr. Punch must cite them:—

"In the metropolitan districts there was a policeman for 504 people—a very good allowance—but they could not stop thieving. In the rest of England the proportion was one to 1,111. In London there were 18,700 belonging to the dangerous classes and 6,000 policemen. In all the rest of England there were 15,000 police and 109,000 belonging to the dangerous classes. The proportion in London was two and one-fifth, or two grown persons and a small boy—in the rest of England the proportion amounted to seven and a small boy. In London, with a population of 3,000,000 odd, there are 2,980 known thieves, 222 receivers, 7,096 fornicators, 1,974 suspected persons, 1,468 vagrants—in all, 13,700. Really, as this is the age of *soirées*, he was surprised MR. RICHARD MAYNE did not get up an entertainment at the Crystal Palace—(laughter)—and bring those 13,700 persons and the 6,000 policemen together. (Hear.)"

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, on the other hand, maintained that the poaching gangs were a demoralising nuisance, and made enormous profits by the sale of the game they stole. SIR GEORGE GREY said that the Bill would require much alteration.

Thursday. Since Christmas Day 1670, when SIR JOHN COVENTRY, M.P., was attacked in the street by SIR THOMAS SANDYS and some other ruffianly friends of the Merry Blackguard CHARLES the SECOND, there has not been a "sensation case" like that of to-day. It was announced by LORD H. LENNOX that in the middle of the night of Tuesday, MR. PILKINGTON, the Member for Blackburn, on his way home from the House, had been attacked near the Guards' Monument in Pall Mall by two scoundrels, one of whom knocked him down and left him nearly insensible, while another stole his watch. No policeman was at hand. SIR GEORGE GREY seemed to think that such things could hardly be helped—"it was impossible to have a policeman everywhere where a gentleman might be in the four-and-twenty hours." The "Who goes home" will cease to be a form, if these outrages continue, and they are very prevalent just now, thanks to the ticket-of-leave system, which returns us the criminal with all the accomplishments

of education and the grand tour. Members must see one another home.

SIR CHARLES WOOD then addressed himself to show, at vast length, and with that pleasing and distinct oratory for which he is celebrated, that MR. LAING's defence of his Indian Budget was unsatisfactory. The various journals take opposite views of the case—according—not to arithmetic—but to their Indian politics. The real question is, does India promise to be really solvent, and, on the whole, Indian echo may be considered to answer in the affirmative.

Friday. The Canadians were censured in the Lords for refusing to pass a Militia Bill, and divers apprehensions were expressed for which Mr. Punch hopes that there is no cause. The ladies of England have done so much towards promoting the Volunteer movement here that Mr. Punch is inclined to ask the darling Muffins of Canada whether they cannot take a similar course, and refuse to smile on any man who does not support the Militia. That would be coming down with Sledgehammer force on the unwise recalcitrants.

MR. LAYARD said that the Foreign Office had no information as to the alleged surrender of GENERAL MCLELLAN's army. Later, MR. LINDSAY persevered in bringing on his motion to the effect that it was time to mediate between the North and South. As this motion and the debate which it occasioned may be the beginning of some serious history, Mr. Punch will record that there were eight speakers—MR. LINDSAY, the mover; MR. P. TAYLOR, who vehemently opposed interference; LORD VANE TEMEREST, who urged it from motives of humanity; MR. W. FORSTER, who strongly contended for adherence to non-intervention; MR. WHITESIDE, who thought that a solemn proffer of mediation would burst the War Bubble; LORD PALMERSTON, who deprecated angry debates, and hoped that a question of such importance and delicacy would be left in the hands of the Government; MR. FITZGERALD, who thought the Confederates had earned a right to recognition; and MR. HOPWOOD, who implored the Government to take some action. MR. LINDSAY then withdrew his motion. It is difficult to ascertain the truth from telegrams and despatches manufactured to order; but the news of the War seems to make it exceedingly probable that "the beginning of the end" has come.

ST. SWITHUN AND SCIENCE.

(To the Editor of the Tablet.)



THE tradition, Sir, respecting the dependence of fine or wet weather on St. Swithun's Day is hardly, I believe, *deside*; but, not having been ever condemned by the Pope, is it not a pious opinion, which may be true, and cannot be denied without possible injury to the faith? If so, what do you say to the following statement, which has been lately published?—

"St. Swithun's 'day' falls in a month in which more rain occurs than in any other in the year: nevertheless the records at the Greenwich Observatory show that, taking the average of the last twenty years, of the forty days which followed the 15th of July, the greater part were rainy when St. Swithun's Day was fine. During the period spoken of there have never been forty consecutive wet or dry days after the anniversary, whatever the condition of the weather may have been on that day."

This dangerous if not pernicious statement occurs in the *Athenæum*; a heretical literary and scientific journal

which I suppose has been put into the *Index Expurgatorius*, like almost every other English paper but yours and mine. It rests, you will have observed, on the authority of the astronomers and meteorologists of Greenwich Observatory, which is one of those pestilential institutions where the Book of Nature is read and interpreted under no condition of restraint or guidance by ecclesiastical authority.

If it ought to have rained more or less on every day for forty days after St. Swithun's Day whenever any rain fell on that day, as it ought if the Holy See should ever decide that it always does, then the observers of Greenwich Observatory have recorded facts which ought never to have taken place, accordingly can never have occurred, and therefore ought never to have been published. Here, perhaps, for aught we know, are phenomena brought into collision with

faith; meteorology at variance with Catholic doctrine. Such a contradiction would be impossible under a system of Catholic teaching, and hence the necessity for a Catholic University of which the Charter is, with such obstinate bigotry and intolerance, withheld by LORD PALMERSTON, but will, we may trust, be conceded by DERRY and DISRAELI, if ever they have the chance of making any concession of the kind. When the facts contradict the faith, so much the worse for the facts. That, I apprehend, is the principle on which our deputation, that waited the other day upon the persecuting PREMIER, insist upon being privileged to conduct education, and form the human mind. That is the way—is it not?—to train the rising generation, so as to prepare it for the study of Nature, and for the perusal of

PUNCH.

Feast of St. Swithun, 1862.

A QUESTIONABLE COMMITTAL.

A CORRESPONDENT asks "Can Mr. Punch tell me under what act this comes?"

"MARY DAY, of Longnor, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for sleeping in the open air, on Tuesday night, the 8th instant."

The Vagrant Act. The report is taken from the *Buxton Advertiser*, under the head of Special Petty Sessions. It is somewhat concise. Therefore, had the Magistrates who disposed of the case been stipendiary, we should have presumed that there were circumstances, unreported, which justified them in committing the accused as a rogue and vagabond. But knowing of what a country bench is capable, we are free to confess, using parliamentary language, that we cannot say that we are not sure that the judgment above recorded is not a specimen of justices' justice. But for our gentlemanlike and opulent appearance, we should hesitate a little to take a *siesta* on a sunny bank, if we could find one this summer in the neighbourhood of Buxton.

You may well Say That.

WHY will M. GALLIAT probably behave in a disgraceful manner?

Because, after being fêted in England, he'll go home and tell LEYS?

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



Dundreary nightly stammers forth his small talk for the benefit of Slushborough and Stickley-in-the-Mud. Indeed in a dramatic way, but few things have of late been more attractive to the Londoner than the fancy fair and fête for the Dramatic College, an institution which all playgoers I think ought to support. If one could count up all the hearty laughs heard nightly at the theatres, what an amount of exclamation one would find they yearly cause! Now, there are few things of more value to good health than a good laugh, and if a halfpenny per laugh were handed over to the College, there would be little fear of actors who have lived to give such pleasure ever dying in distress.

"Mention of this charity induces very naturally a word about its Master, whom I rejoiced the other night to see again at his own house in the *Dead Heart*. Mr. WEBSTER has long ranked among the best of English actors, and it is well our foreign friends should see that we have still good acting left in England, and that it is not mere 'sensation' only that can fill a theatre. With his calm collected bearing and passionless cold voice, Mr. WEBSTER very certainly makes the most of *Robert Landry* (and very ably he is aided by the ABRAHAM FISHER, who always is painstaking and tries to act his best); but one almost feels regret to see him where his talents are not allowed more scope, and they who have had the fortune to see him in *Tartuffe* will not confine their admiration to his acting as they see it in a piece like the *Dead Heart*.

"I was glad to find the house so well filled when I went: but the Adelphi is so comfortable that it is no wonder people flock to it, no matter what may be the attractions of the stage. You have room to stretch your legs there, and can breathe and hear and see, without having to sit sideways and crane your neck, and bend your back, and generally distort yourself as is the case at other theatres. You are charged a fixed price for your seat, and, this paid, you are never called upon for extra sixpences. I am sure the small exactions by book-keepers, often add to the dislike which many comfort-loving people feel to going to the play.

"I am not aware if foreigners still cling to the old notion that we of England are by no means a music-loving people. If so, such of them who are among us now had better count how many concerts there are announced daily in the columns of *the Times* (what a 'Jubilee' was that of yours, PROFESSOR PHILHARMONIC BENNETT! how WEBER, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, GLÜCK, BEETHOVEN, and MOZART, would have rejoiced to hear their works performed by such a band as yours, helped by JOACHIM and ANDERSON, TIELENS and JENNY LOND!); and besides counting the concerts, let our foreign friends take note that both our operas are open, and that the two together lately have been giving eight or nine performances a week. At HER MAJESTY'S MISS PYNE and MR. SARTLEY have been showing that England has some singers who can sing Italian songs; and here ROSSINI's pets, the two sisters MARCHIO, have been warbling *Semiramide* like a couple of twin night-ingales, on the nights when FRAULEIN TIELENS has rested her sweet voice. How MEYERBEER's *Roberto* has been done at Covent Garden, hath not *Punch* already told? And here ADELINA PATTE, that pleasant piquant little party, has been singing as *Amina*, and *Norina*, and *Zerlina*, and *Rosina* (are there any other characters that rhyme with ADELINA?) in a way to bring down nightly on her pretty little head a whole Covent Garden Marketful of rapturous bouquets. Moreover, here is MARIO, deliciousst of tenors, who sings in such pure style and with such exquisite good taste; and in addition here is TAMBERLIK—ARNOLD DON OTTAVIO TAMBERLIK—with his famous high chest C, and his fashionable vibrato, which makes his fine voice shake as though it had the ague. Terribly infectious are these shaking fits, it seems, and nearly every new singer appears to catch the malady. To me these vocal shivers are exceedingly distressing, and I shall heartily rejoice when the disease has quite died out.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

A Stream of Ill-Luck.

THE Metropolitan Railway has been inundated so often that it is a kind of misnomer to talk of it as the Underground Railway. A more fitting appellation would certainly be, The Underwater Railway.

OLD ABE AT THE BAR (OF PUBLIC OPINION).

YOUNG JONATHAN, in liquorin' tastes,
Has long dropped beer and mocked ale,
For julep, sherry-cobler,
'Gin-sling and brandy-cocktail;
Gum-tickler and chain-lightning,
Eye-brightener and leg-tangler—
And scores of other compounds known
To each 'cute bar-room dangler.

Until at last his liquors he
Has grown so fond of mixin',
He scorns the charms of alcohol:
Without some artful 'fixin',
Some sugary aid to make it sweet,
Some acid smack to sour it,
Till each drink needs two jugs at least,
And two smart hands to pour it.

We see how fashion spreads and grows,
Till all around it catches,
So JONATHAN's new taste in drinks
Has now reached to despatches.
His palate too fastidious
For unadulterate fact is,
And mixing truth with lies has grown
His barman's constant practice.

Where dull JOHN BULL would measure out
Defeat's unmingled bitters,
In water from truth's well, despite
Britannia's tears and twitters,
The caterers for JONATHAN
With bunkum brag and bluster
Spice up defeat to victory,
And call it "real eye-duster."

There at the bar in Washington
Sits one as honest ABE known,
From his rail-splitting Springfield days
As truthful as a babe known—
But "at the bar 'tis as the bar"—
So honest ABE in fixin'
Despatches up for JONATHAN
Has learnt the art of mixin'.

From Victory's goblet to Defeat's
This way and that he tosses
Retreats, advances, fronts and rears,
Facts, figures, gains and losses.
Is the draught harsh? A homied lie
Makes questioning palates placid:
Does the draught cloy? Throw in a dash
Of partial loss for acid.

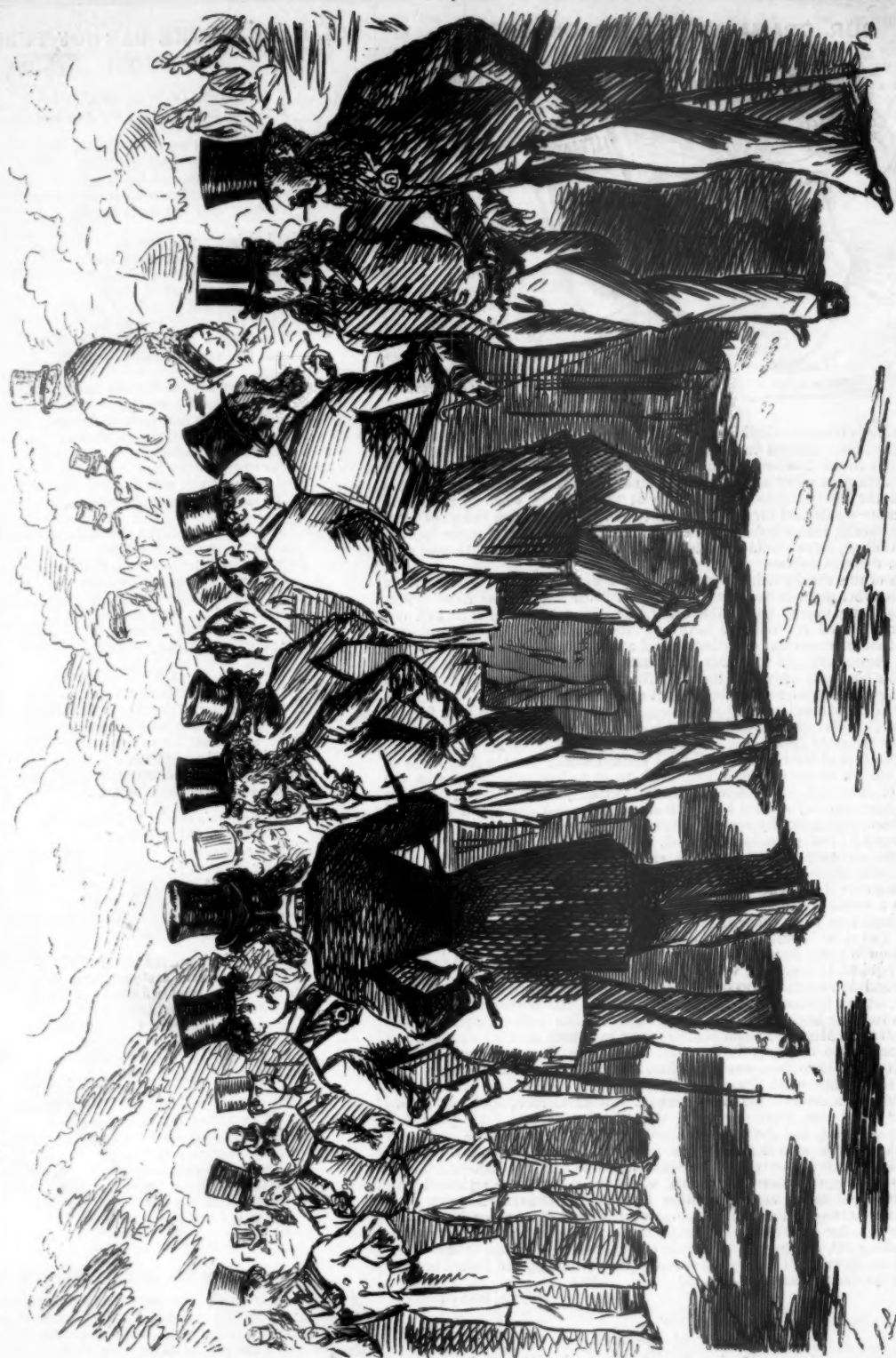
And when he's stirred the stuff about
Till STANTON's taste approves it,
Or SEWARD's, who bad news can fix
As JONATHAN best loves it;
The mixture's handed from the bar,
So cunningly compounded,
Few can pick out the truth with lies
The lies with truth confounded.

"Truth, cold without, Sir," says old ABE,
"With JONATHAN is scarce, Sir:
He's used to take it with a dash
Of hot sensation saarse, Sir.
I guess his stomach 'twouldn't suit,
Perhaps bring on the shakes, Sir,
So palatable at our bar
The naked truth we makes, Sir."

A Silk Gown that is only Worsted.

It is not only unfair but ungenerous to condemn Mr. EDWIN JAMES for his defence, simply because it happens to be extremely lame and impotent, and ludicrously laboured and evasive; for it is very clear, says BARON BRAMWELL, ever since the late M.P. for Marylebone has been disbarred, that his arguments can be little better than ex-Q.C.'s (excuses).

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 26, 1862.



DUNDREARY ROW—HYDE PARK.

SAID ONE DUNDREARY TO ANOTHER DUNDREARY—"BY JOVE! IT'S AWFULLY JOLLY, AIN'T IT?"



THE LATEST FROM AMERICA;
Or, the New York "Eye-Duster," to be taken Every Day.



THE LATEST CHAIRS
OF THE NEW YORK "EYE-DROPPER" IN THE LATEST CHAIRS

THE LAST FRENCH ROMANCE.

Will you hear of a lovely young lady of France,
For whom knights in old days would have levelled the lance,
And she had great riches and beauty beside,
And an Empress's Chamberlain wanted a bride,
Singing, *Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!*

Now CLAIRE had a lover already, small blame,
Or none, to the darling for having that same:
An able young statesman, but poor by compare
With toadies who fawn round an Empress's chair.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

She had also an uncle as kind as could be,
A General Receiver of Taxes was he,
His name as you spell it was FONTINALLAT,
But of course being French it must not rhyme with that.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

The beautiful EMPRESS she listed the prayer
That she'd have her gay Chamberlain married to CLAIRE,
Grand-niece of DUKE PASQUIER, and as hath been told,
No end of a fortune in silver and gold:
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

Then smiled the fair EMPRESS, and promised to use
Her counsel to CLAIRE as to whom she should choose:
Nothing doubting the maiden would gladly obey
Her Sovereign's behest, and immediately say
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

But CLAIRE, in the presence, made blushing admission
That she loved, and loved only her young politician,
And begged that MADAME would select, for her pearl
Of Chamberlain-courtiers, some other rich girl.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

The beautiful EMPRESS felt mightily riled,
And feared the young lady was what you call spiled:
"To think, when the Court has the goodness to choose
A spouse for a virgin, the girl should refuse.
To sing, *Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!*"

Alarmed at the point in the EMPRESS's words,
Poor CLAIRE hurried off to the "Convent of Birds,"
And sought the protection of padlock and grate
For a flutterer invited to choose a wrong mate.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

But, alas for the lover of worried MISS CLAIRE,
She entered a trap when she took herself there;
And the Lady Superior, by night and by day,
Conjured and implored the poor girl to give way.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

The Lady Superior, when baffled, brought in
A burly Archbishop, who talked about sin,
And preached to MISS CLAIRE that the Devil alone
Made her shy at a marriage advised by the Throne,
That said *Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!*

Yet still the young lady was constant and true,
And vain was the ecclesiastical screw,
But they worked it so hard that at last the poor maid
Wrote off to her uncle to come to her aid.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

He got the sad letter, brave FONTINALLAT,
He dashed out an oath, and he dashed on a hat,
And he dashed in his carriage to call on his Chief,
The Minister, FOULB, of the Hebrew belief.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

ACHILLES was out, but PATROCLUS was there
Who knew the whole story of pretty MISS CLAIRE,
And informed the brave uncle his place would depend
On his proving the Chamberlain's champion and friend.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

"There are some things," says HORACE, "too awful for verse,"
And one's when a Frenchman commences to curse;
But if oaths may be pardoned it's when they're let fly
At a rogue who would make you his tool and ally.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

MONSIEUR FONTINALLAT having blazed like a bomb,
Informed poor PATROCLUS (with horror struck dumb)
That having imparted his notions at large,
He should seek his hotel and await his discharge.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

It came in an hour—ere another had past
He had CLAIRE in his uncely arms safe and fast,
And he took her away, the poor true-hearted dove,
And swears she shall marry the man of her love.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

And if with a moral you'd like to be bored,
See Court, Priest, and Minister awfully floored;
For trying what threat and corruption would do,
To force a young maid, in Eighteen Sixty Two,
To say, *Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!*

PETTICOATS AND PICKPOCKETS.

WHAT is enough for one is enough for two, is a saying supposed to warrant any man in marrying who is able to live. Whatever truth there may once have been in that maxim, there can be none now when wives have become so expensive as they are rendered by their excessive drapery. Of that, to be sure, it may safely be said, that what is enough for one is enough for a half a dozen. No wonder that the Employment of Women question presses, and that young ladies are singing "*We've got no Work to Do*," and "*Nobody Coming to Marry Me*." This excess of apparel threatens to be as everlasting as the Income-Tax; which it sorely aggravates. It is really a great bore. In every thoroughfare it establishes an effective blockade. It constitutes the fuel of that fire through which Fashion passes her children to Moloch. That may serve them right, and be of no more consequence than the moth's extinction in the candle; but it is too bad that redundancy of petticoats should bring a respectable man into trouble, as it did one day last week. A gentleman, called in a police report "a Member of the Society of Friends," in business with his father at Macclesfield, was pulled up before MR. DAYMAN, at Westminster, on a charge of having, at the Brompton Exhibition, attempted to pick a lady's pocket. CHOWNE, Sergeant, E. 5, a detective in plain clothes, "had his attention directed to the prisoner," who was in the Machine Room among some ladies looking at the machinery. CHOWNE saw him there by the side of a woman "whose pocket it was his impression he was trying to pick;" and accordingly the officer took him up. He was walked off to the station, searched, taken before the Magistrate, remanded for a week on bail in two sureties of £250 each, and reappeared on remand, when:—

"MR. SMYTH, on the part of the prisoner, stated that his client had only come to town a day or two previously, and was there on the day in question with his sister, brother, and friends, to see his brother's machinery. His client could have no motive for committing a robbery, as he possessed considerable property, and bore at Macclesfield a character unimpeachable for integrity. At the time alluded to by the officer his client was pushing aside the hoops of the lady's crinoline in order that he might have a better view of the machine."

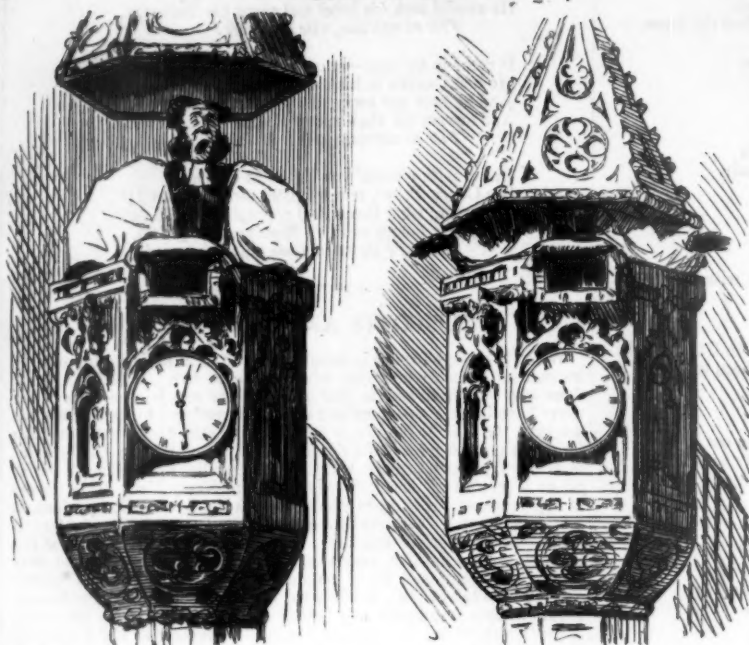
The evidence of MR. CORDEN and several other members of Parliament, and gentlemen, as to the character of the accused, fully bore out this defence, and the worthy Quaker left the Court, as MR. DAYMAN said, without a stain on his reputation. Yes; but not without a scar on his feelings, left by seven long days' anxiety and fear. And all this grievous annoyance this gentleman incurred merely by pushing aside the hoops of a walking nuisance, and unpunishably social evil.

All men visiting the Brompton Exhibition, unless they want to be arrested for picking ladies' pockets, should keep their hands carefully in their own. How to dispose of your hands in an omnibus, where the muslin of your female neighbours extends over your stomach, however convex, is a hard matter. Entirely to preclude suspicion, you may perhaps resort to the expedient of holding them up over your head, and then you had better tell the passengers why you do so, lest they should think you a fool. A better plan will be to carry about with you a number of *Punch*, and, as soon as you have seated yourself, take it out and read. Everybody will allow that nobody can read *Punch* and pick pockets too. Crinoline makes it necessary for you to guard yourself against imputations which may be cast upon you by any officious observer or malevolent woman. No doubt the huge hoops and enormous skirts of women do afford facilities to pickpockets. That would be a good thing, because it would very soon reduce petticoats within compass, if ladies' pockets, as fast as emptied, had not generally to be filled by their husbands and fathers.

Change of Name.

If the "Board of Works" deal in such dirty jobs as this Montagu-House business, we shall have to make an addition to their Title. "The Board of Works of Darkness" would be highly appropriate.

PATENT PULPITS.



"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"AMONGST the many beautiful things which the Exhibition contains, I am surprised that none of the critics should have called the attention of the Public to an exquisitely carved Pulpit. This remissness on their part is more surprising, because it seems to have been expressly constructed in order to carry out the views of those gentlemen who write to the *Times* about the impropriety of long sermons. Above it is suspended a beautifully formed extinguisher. Now although the Catalogue does not say so (catalogues are so very meagre in their descriptions, I hope the next one published will change all that) I feel convinced that there must be machinery inside, which will cause the extinguisher to fall at the proper moment; that is to say, when the patience of the congregation is exhausted, although their ideas of propriety may compel them to retain their seats.

"I trust that your insertion of this will ensure the inventor a large number of orders from metropolitan congregations before he leaves the country.

"Yours truly, ROBERT BUSHELL."

"FOR PRINCES SHOULD BE FREE."

THE Orleans Princes have left the army of the Northern States, and have returned to Europe. For doing this their Royal Highnesses are of course sneered at by the American organ here, and are doubtless vilified by its friends of the Northern press. But it is difficult to understand why the Princes should have remained, or indeed how they could have done so. They avowedly went out to learn the art of war, and they found their teachers the most helpless blunderers that ever undertook what they could not perform. Any apprentice is legally justified in breaking his indentures, if he can show that his master is incompetent to teach him a business. No European master of war would take into his service a young person with no better military education than the Princes could procure in America, and it was due to their own character to leave as soon as they discovered how they had been swindled out of a premium—the prestige of their names. But in addition to this, the Orleans Princes are gentlemen, and it must have been odious to them to remain in a service where the boldest lying instead of the boldest fighting was in demand, and where it was possible for them to have come under the orders of a ruffian like GENERAL BUTLER, who might have desired a COUNT OF PARIS and a DUKE OF CHARTRES to see to the execution of brutal orders against French and other ladies. We have no desire to see any change in the dynasty of France, but these Princes have certainly not lessened their claim to the respect of their countrymen by quitting a service in which, while they were serving, they behaved as became gallant gentlemen, but from which they retired as soon as they were completely convinced that they could study little but blunder, braggadocio, and brutality.

Try Again.

PUNCH is excessively glad that GRAND DUCHESS CONSTANTINE and her baby are going on as well as could be expected. But he does not know why the latter is to be called WACLAW. The infant's birth was to be a good omen for Poland, but the name certainly does not set out such omen. Whacklaw, which must be uncommonly like Clublaw, is what the Poles have been receiving at Russian hands too long. Eh, Duke?

THE "TUSCARORA" AT SOUTH-AMPTON.

Lo, the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water!
People on the shore a
Marvellin' what has brought her,
What again has brought her,
There, a fear and wonder,
Loomin' black as thunder,
Watchful *Tuscarora*,
In Southampton Water.

Ne'er a *Nashville* hidin'
Now in yonder basin,
Patiently abidin',
Arter her to hasten,
Her to hasten arter,
On her cable loosin',
Fast on her vamoosin',
Lies the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water.

Britishers blasphem'in',
Speakin' ill consarnin'
Gallant BUTLER's screamin'
Eagle-shriek of warnin',
Warnin' wife and daughter
From rebellious courses
To our valiant forces,
Lies the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water.

There she lies at anchor
All the town commandin',
And it has to thank her
That as yet 'tis standin',
Standin' spared from slaughter,
Ruin, devastation,
Wrack, and conflagration,
By the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water.

There's the *Dauntless* nigh her,
There's the old *Boscawen*,
Stationary by her
Both of 'em o'erawin'.
Dauntless owns fear taught her,
'Taught her, stopped from sheerin'.
Them two frigates skeerin',
Lies the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water.

Ready for the battle
Soon as peace is broken,
When her guns will rattle
Ef the word is spoken,
Spoken, without quarter,
Ships and town to batter,
Slay, and smash, and scatter,
Lies the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water.

Fine Arts Commission.

M. JULES GÉRARD, the celebrated *tueur de lions*, has been commissioned by MR. COWPER to proceed to Algeria, and shoot four of the finest lions he may have the good luck to meet with. They are then to be placed in the hands of a skillful taxidermist, and stuffed for the purpose of being placed on the vacant pedestals of Trafalgar Square, until such time as SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, the celebrated *tueur de temps*, or time-killer, has had ample opportunities of completing his leonine studies at the Zoological Gardens. So long ago is it since these lazy lions were first started, that probably SIR EDWIN is frightened from finishing them off by the extraordinary length of the pause.

AN OBSTRUCTIVE PEER ON THE THAMES.—
THE DUKE OF BUCKLEUCH.

A WORK FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.



HERE is shortly to be brought out as a companion to the well-known French publication, called "*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*," an English series under the title of "*Les Anglaises peintes par MADAME RACHEL*." Every specimen will be highly coloured, no plain copies being allowed under any circumstances to be seen by the public.

Some idea of the extravagance of the work may be drawn from the fact that as much as £160 and £200 will be spent on some of the single specimens. They will be issued in the very richest covers, and alto-

gether will be brought out utterly regardless of expense.

SIR CHARLES WOOD'S TRIUMPHANT REPLY.

(Taken by our Special Reporter).

MR. SPEAKER, or at least, Sir, because Mr. Speaker is not here, and we are in committee, I wish to explain Indian affairs, at least I don't mean Indian affairs generally, except so far as they may be what you may call financial affairs, and in fact I want, Sir, to show you, and when I say you I don't mean you particularly, because you may or may not take an interest in Indian affairs, and if so you have probably been in the Indian gallery at the International, where there are some pretty things, very pretty things indeed, but I mean the Committee. I want to show the Committee that MR. LAING when he attacked me, at least I attacked him, but he answered me, and I will be judged by gentlemen in private life whether it will do to allow servants to answer you: I don't mean that he is my servant, brushes my trousers and that, but he is a subordinate, and he takes upon himself to say that I don't understand the accounts upon which I have taken him to task. Sir, what I may understand or may not understand is not now the question, suffice it to say that I wish the Committee to understand that I am not going to be put down by a subordinate merely because he has taken a leaf out of the book of my right honourable friend the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and has cooked accounts neatly but not gaudily, as somebody said when he painted his tail pea green. If there is one thing in the world which I hate it is confusion either in ideas or language, and I hope the Committee will bear with me while I endeavour to mystify—no I don't mean that, I mean clarify—the account, as presented by MR. LAING. If you take a deficiency of £6,500,000 and deduct it from a deficit of £4,000,000, that leaves you a clear balance of £2,500,000—no, stop, you can't do that, because that, of course, as the committee sees, would be taking the smaller sum from the larger—no, the larger sum from the smaller, which can't be done, but of course we arrive at the same result. Well then, if you take the military charges, I think you are bound to treat them in a civil manner (*laughter*). I mean that you must look upon them in the same way, and of course, if a rupee is only one and ten-pence, which I need hardly say is twenty-pence (*hear, hear!*). Well, I know as well as the hon. Member who cheers me that one and ten is eleven, but how does that bear upon my argument? A rupee is a rupee, and I cannot understand how MR. LAING brings in the question of muskets. He calls this one of the proper charges, but I do not know whether he means the charges which ought to be put into the muskets, but if he does I for one am always averse to interfering with the regular military authority. But, allowing this, and as I said showing a deficit, I mean of course a surplus, if £5,200,000, no, £2,500,000—yes, that is right, and if you deduct the licence-tax, and the railways, and the police of India, altogether amounting to £400,000,000—no, I mean £400—stop, it's £400,000, but the ink has run into the oughts and made them look anyhow—I say that if MR. LAING does not choose to subtract properly, and sends over a deficit, by which I mean a surplus, which he cannot vindicate, I cannot help that. I saw a MR. SAUNDERS the other day,

I don't mean MR. JACKY SAUNDERS who was at the Adelphi theatre, quite the contrary, but a man who had been asked to look at Indian cotton, and what did MR. SAUNDERS say? Why, Sir, he said, "We require nothing of the Government." I do not myself see the bearing of that observation upon MR. LAING's balance sheet, but I have promised the Committee that I would put them in possession of all the information in my power, and I have redeemed my pledge, and I will add too, Sir, that though MR. LAING says there is a deficit (*an hon. Member "A surplus"*) eh? yes, you—at least the hon. Member is quite right, I mean a surplus, and it is my painful duty to differ from him, still as LORD CANNING was a great man, and as I have every reason to believe that there is no rebellion going on at present in India, I hope this Committee will feel that I have demoralised—no, I mean demolished the arguments of MR. LAING, and that India and England will ever hereafter be sources of benefit to one another, especially England (*Loud Cheers*).

THE JUSTICES' JUBILEE;

OR SUGGESTIONS TO THE NIGHT-POACHING BILL.

HURRAH! Hurrah! For our game preserves,
Hurrah for the fat battue—
A flush of pheasants at every hedge,
And for each man loaders two!
Hurrah for the Bill that makes the police,
Assistant-keepers all—
And pays 'em out of the County-rates,
That on the farmers fall—
The Bill that helps sport for the big,
And spoils it for the small!

There's never a man along the road
Shall venture now to fare,
A carrying under his landlord's nose
A pheasant or a hare.
The constable will pull him up,
And dearly he'll pay his shot,
When 'tis for him to prove to us
That a poacher he is *not*,
And that from our preserves the bird
In his hand was never got.

There's nothing that doth run on wheels
Along the Queen's highway,
But a constable in search of game
The vehicle may stay.
At their peril let snobs a pheasant dare
To order from market-town,
Or bid the poulterer partridge or hare
To their villas send 'em down;
Let the carrier who brings 'em of squalls beware,
And the Justices' awful frown!

And let each man that deals in game
At penalties turn pale;
(Except the landlords who wholesale sell
What the tradesman vends retail)
We'll force him to keep a register
From whom his game he buys,—
Of course of pheasants in the egg
We're free to find supplies,
No questions we ask of egg-sellers,
And so we hear no lies.

"From other duties the police,"
Says HENLEY, "'twill distract,"
What duty equals taking up
A poacher in the fact?
What property so stands in need
Of law's protecting arm,
As pheasants, hares and partridges
That do nobody harm,—
Save grumbling tenants who complain
That they won't let them farm?

A Valuable Animal.

STRANGE are the wants of the advertising public. For instance, look at this announcement in the *Daily Telegraph*:—"Wanted, a Youth, to Look after a Horse, that can drive," &c.—"A horse that can drive!" Perhaps the next thing we shall hear of will be a horse that can harness himself, or accomplish his own grooming. Really if we can manage to keep horses without having to keep servants for them, a stable will be within the most limited of means, when horses are no more trouble to attend to than are clothes-horses.



AWFUL EFFECT OF FISHING ON THE HUMAN MIND.

PERKINS. "It has occurred to me, Sam, that throwing in Ground Bait is nothing more or less than—as it were—a species of Advertising!"

POLYGLOT POETRY.

THE *Times* is very good-natured, but then it comes out every day, and has got a very large sheet. It is all very well for the *Times* to gratify the parents of clever little boys by inserting their Greek and Latin Exercises on TENNYSON, but Mr. *Punch* has no room for such things. That was a very neat Greek version by MASTER C. C. CLARK, of the Inauguration Ode, though we think, without wishing to indulge in severe criticism, that had he regarded some of the poet's ideas in a different light, he would probably have employed other phraseology, and a similar remark applies to the Latin version of MASTER WHWELL, who, Mr. COX of Finsbury thinks, has introduced in the last line an allusion to "beet" root, which Mr. COX of Finsbury cannot find in the original. We should like to please other young gentlemen, especially MASTER MORDECAI MEPHIBOSHETH, who has sent us the ode in Hebrew (is *shobbus* quite elegant for "day of rest"?). MASTER HELI-POCKMARKIDOS PHILANTHROPOPHAGOS, who forwards us the ode in modern Greek (and does not pay the postage), and MASTER CRWM-MYLLWYGWWMTH, of Mold, who alleges that with a Welsh version of the same composition, he encloses a cheese, which has certainly not come to hand, for we cannot regard his verses as the cheese. We are, however, glad that the youth of Europe are studying so admirable a poem, and we wish the best poet of England the same good wish that was expressed to the worst poet of Athens: "Bless thee, 'ALFRED,' bless thee—thou art translated."

The Hebrews in the House.

At the late "Church Congress" at Oxford, as we read:—

"MR. NAPIER expressed his opinion that the present Mosaic constitution of the House of Commons was a mere political assemblage of the representatives of the people, and the Church could but reasonably expect to have an amount of influence with the representatives, corresponding to that which they have acquired over the people themselves."

Nevertheless the Mosaic constitution of the House of Commons includes a devoted champion of the Church in the person of BEN the Buckinghamshire Bruiser.

LATEST AMERICAN DESPATCH.

By Horsemarine Telegraph.

"Camp, Chickabiddy Chokee, Monday afternoon.—The Federal troops have won another splendid victory. Seeing that the rebels were approaching in great force at 6 a. m. this morning, I issued my directions for a general advance, an order which our brave fellows were prompt to carry out. The advance was made in the identical direction as that in which the rebel army were proceeding, and was achieved, I need not say, with the most complete success. Astonishing to say, the whole of our front line escaped without a hurt; and with the exception of a few slight wounds and bruises in the rear, I really have no casualties worth mention to report. A good deal of our baggage and some few hundred stand of arms we left upon the field for a strategic purpose, and we likewise abandoned about a score of field-pieces which were found to impede the rapid movement of our troops.

"My next despatch will probably be dated from Richmond, which I intend to sack at half-past five o'clock precisely on Saturday morning next.

"(Signed) BUNKUM,
"General-Commanding."

"To the Secretary of War."

A Delicate Distinction.

If there is no typographical error in the annexed extract from a Parliamentary Report, most people will probably assent to the proposition which it embodies:—

"THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. It is impossible to listen to what falls from the noble Earl (GREY) upon any matter connected with the government of this country, and more especially relating to the government of the Colonies, without great respect and diffidence."

EARL GREY's opinions on colonial matters may command respect, but must be generally received with diffidence.

WHAT MR. LAING DID, WHEN HE BOASTED OF AN INDIAN SURPLUS.—Hallooed before he was out of the Wood.